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Core: D

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## I'm Secretly a Pirate

My eyesight is fine now, but whenever I see a "helicopter", I have a little "freak out" session where I start to flinch around and curl up into a ball. → *still needed more*

"Everyone stay seated, we will get off the bus in an orderly-fashioned line!" the teacher ordered.

At 3:15 p.m. sometime in December of 2007, the whole school returned from the field trip. We went to this holiday camp place, and we could do whatever we wanted to, even buy junk food! Besides unhealthy snacks, some people bought a toy; it's a plastic stick with 2 propellers, and you move your hands in the opposite direction against the stick to make it fly. Some might call it a "helicopter".

We were back on campus, and there were still people playing with their "helicopter", and I was just sitting, waiting for my helper and grandfather to pick me up. *How long has it been?* Feeling bored, I walked up to the open area to stretch my legs a bit, little did I know that the propellers on "helicopters" were sharp. All I did was walk around aimlessly, being unaware of my surroundings, and trying to find something to do. That was it. I started screaming and balling my eyes out, tears were running down my face. The feeling of near-death entered me and I didn't know what to do. Every single germ rushed in, I was a child-sized vacuum and all the dirt from the ground was gone, and it certainly did sting more than a million bees ever did. The pain demanded to be felt, and it got what it wanted. *Why me?! Why couldn't it be that other kid over there?* The "helicopter" lodged itself in my cornea. ✓

"AAHHHH!!! HELP! SOMEONE! PLEASE! HELP ME!"

It was like an action movie, everyone was running over in slow-motion. The sound of my shrieking polluted the area, and at that moment, my life flashed before my eyes. My

helper and grandfather arrived along with my brother just on time, and we rushed to the hospital.

Once we got to the emergency room, my crying discontinued but I still couldn't open my eye. My dad met up with us and so did my mother. The doctor showed my parents my damaged eye, and it was quite disturbing.

"Do you see that little green scratch right there?" the doctor pointed at the screen.

"Wow... You need to be much more careful, Heather. Also, watch where you're going, we don't want anything like this to happen again." my dad said.

*Green?! What do you mean "green"? Does my eye have a green scratch now? Is that a "cool" thing to have, or a bad thing? Would my friends be totally jealous of me? Maybe not... Oh my goodness, I am going to die.*

The doctor prescribed a handful of bottles and boxes of eye medicine and packs of disposable eyepatches, "Wanna be a pirate? Here's your chance." *YES! I'm officially a pirate now!*

A few days into my pirate era, my mother had her birthday. Wearing a pirate costume and not being able to pry it off lead Halloween every day and sort of managing to smile in all the photos. I still wonder how I was so happy even though I was half blind. Since mum's birthday is so close to Christmas, it was like Halloween for the third time.

For an entire week, I wasn't able to go to school, read, play piano, or even shower properly. Basically, I stayed at home all day. Showering was difficult; first, I took a shower with a hairnet, and then my helper would wash my hair as I laid down.

Seven days passed, the last eyepatch went in the trash can and luckily I got no scars. I really don't understand how my eyesight wasn't affected at all from that incident, and I really don't know how I could be so unaware of a "helicopter" hurdling towards me. *Wow... Why couldn't I just sit down and wait on the bench?* ✓✓